

The Tragedie

Hast. His grace lookes cherefully and smooth to day,
Thers some conceite or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit,
I thinke there is neuer a man in Christendome,
That can lesser hide his loue or hate then hee:
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Dar. What of his heart perceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he shewed to day?

Hast. Marry that with no man here he is offended,
For if he were, he would haue shewde it in his face.

Dar. I pray God he be not, I say.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. I pray you all, what do they deserue
That do conspire my death with diuelish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuaild
Vpon my body with their hellish charmes?

Hast. The tender loue I beare your grace my Lord
Makes me most forward in this noble presence,
To doome the offenders whatsoeuer they be:
I say my Lord they haue deserued death,

Glo. Then be your eyes the witnesse of this ill,
See how I am bewicht, behold mine arme
Is like a blasted sapling withered vp.

This is that *Edwards* wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot strumpet *Shore*,
That by their witchcraft thus haue marked me.

Hast. If they haue donethis thing my gracious Lord.

Glo. If thou *Protector* of this damned strumpet,
Telft thou me of iffs? thou art a traitor.

Off with his head: Now by Saint Paul,
I will not dine to day I swere,

Vntill I see the same, some see it done:

The rest that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt, march*

Hast. Wo, wo, for *England*, not a whit for me. *Ca with Hast.*
For I too fond might haue preuented this:

Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,
But I disdained it and did scorne to flie,
Three times to day my footecloth horse did stumble,
And started when he lookt vpon the Tower,

Of Richard the T

As loth to beare me to the slaughter-
Oh now I warrant the Priest that spak
I now repent I told the Pursuant,
As twere triumphing at mine enemies
How they at *Pomfret* bloodily were b

And I my selfe secure in grace and fau
Oh *Margret*, *Margret*: now thy hea

Is lightened on poore *Hastings* wretch

Cat. Dispatch my Lord, the Duke we

Make a short shrift he longs to see you

Hast. O momentary state of worlly m

Which we more hunt for, then for the g

Who builds his hopes in the aire of you

Liues like a drunken sayler on a mast,

Ready with euery nod to tumble down

Into the fatall bowels of the deepe.

Come leade me to the blocke, beare him

They smile at me, that shortly shall be

Enter Duke of Gloucester, and Bucki

Glo. Come coufen, canst thou quake &

Murther thy breath in middle of a wor

And then begin againe and stop againe

As if thou wert distraught and madd

Buc. Tut feare not me,

I can counterfeit the deepe Traiedian,

Speake and looke backe and prie on eue

Intending deepe suspition gattly looks

Are at my seruice like inforced smiles,

And both are ready in their offices

To grace my stratagemes. *E*

Glo. Here comes the maior.

Buc. Let me alone to entertaine him.

Glo. Looke to the drawbridge there.

Buc. The reason we haue sent for you

Glo. *Catesby* ouer looke the walles.

Buc. Marke, I heare a drumme,

Glo. Looke backe defend thee, here ar

Buc. God and our inocency defend vs

Glo. O, O, be quiet, it is *Catesby*.